Tis He, unequal far in Force, orecame
A Fleet ſecure of Conqueſt and of Fame,
A Fleet by vaſt Expence for Fight prepar'd,
At once the *Spaniards* Terror and their Guard.
For what can *Engliſh* Bravery withſtand,
When *Nereo* or *Camillo* do Command?
It vindicates the Sea, and Triumphs ore the Land.
'Tis He Detraction's Baleful Breath has born,
But with a Noble and Heroick Scorn.
For let his Foes this juſt Monition have,
Envy's the Coward's Homage to the Brave.
So *Ariſtides* long with Malice ſtrove,
Nor could his Vertue win a Factious People's Love.

FINIS.

MODERATION DISPLAY'D.

The Second Part.

Moderation Displayed,

The Second PART. (28)

REPRESENTED

IN THE

CHURCH of ENGLAND's

GHOST.

-----Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur------

Printed in the Year, MDCCV.

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THE PREFACE.

TRUTH, they ſay, needs no Apology: But ſhe very often wants Patrons to defend her, even among thoſe who pretend to be her greateſt Admirers, and her moſt Devoted Humble Servants. I wiſh there was no juſt Cauſe for this Aſſertion, for then I ſhould not need to be at the Expence of a Preface to the following Lines, nor would our Holy Mother, the Church of England, *have any thing to offer of Complaint. Were all Thoſe who ſit at the Helm, and Steer the Ship of Government, amidſt the troubleſome Seas of Diſſention which now Rage and Foam, as* intirely Engliſh, *as*

Her Majesty, *and* Her Commoners *have shewn themselves to be, no doubt but we should enjoy as much Felicity as any* Nation *can desire, under the Auspicious Scepter of an* intirely English Queen.

But the unhappy Circumstances England *labours under, at this time, are such, as, if not timely remedied, will inevitably ruin it. The Church of* England, by Law Establish'd, *has received many Wounds from the bloody Hands of Her cruel Enemies, which* brought Her, *almost,* down to the Pit: *But those She receive from Men, Her pretended Sons, who Counterfeit an Affection to Her, who Eat Her Bread, and are satisfy'd with it to Abundance; (tho' they do not deserve the Crums which fall from Her Table) Those, I say, have prov'd Insupportable to Her; She could not bear them; She falls oppress'd with the Burden of them.* Had they not been Her Familiar Friends, who should (as by Oath as well as Duty oblig'd) sup-

ſupport Her, She might have born it. *I need not go far for a Proof of what I ſay, ſince 'tis not out of our Memory that a certain P---r once ſaid (in a venerable Body he did not deſerve to be a Member of)* That the Church of *England* has been a Perſecuting-Church ever ſince the REFORMATION. *If there had never been more than One of that Opinion, the OCCASIONALISTS had never arriv'd at that height they have now obtain'd.*

To let the World ſee what thoſe Perſons are (but eſpecially ſome of thoſe who are Converſant with Mr. How, *one of the Bulwarks of Presbytery, I will not ſay for Direction) is the deſign of this Poem; and if the World likes it, ſo 'tis. If not, 'tis but what I expect, for I know very well, that* Veritas odium parit, *TRUTH always Creates Enemies.*

Universals, *say the School-men*, draw no Blood, *and for that reason I have used Fictitious Names throughout the whole: And if any One knows himself Conscious, so as to be offended at what I say, 'tis of his own seeking, and let him take it for his Pains: For let him know*, The CHURCH, tho' Dead, yet Speaketh.

Mode-

MODERATION DISPLAY'D.

The Second Part.

'TWas Night, as on my Bed I waking lay,
Earneſtly wiſhing the Approach of Day,
When lo! methoughts, I ſaw a Form appear,
As of a Lady quite oppreſs'd with Care,
Pale fac'd and thin, as tho' ſhe was but Air.
Rev'rend ſhe ſeem'd in Shape, tho' much decay'd,
With decent Veil, and Sable Robes array'd.

I wiſtly look'd, at laſt obſerv'd a Grace
Which ſhew'd the Church of *England* in her Face.
Surpriz'd at firſt, with th' unexpected ſight
I ſilent lay; Confounded with the fright
I could not ſpeak: At laſt I ſilence broke,
And thus with Rev'rence to the Viſion ſpoke,

Mother, ſaid I, *Why now ſo Pale, ſo Wan?*
Times of thy Tribulation ſure are gone.
What can diſturb thy Reſt in ANNA's *Days,*
Who with TRUE ENGLISH *HEART the Scepter ſways?*
Has ſhe not done for Thee what ne'er was done,
By Charles *the* MARTYR, *or the Martyr's Son?*
Has ſhe not given the Compleateſt Proof,
That ſhe both has, and does admire thy Truth?
Doth not her Bounty thy Poor Clergy Feed,
And ſatisfy their Hungry Souls with Bread?
For Thee Brave Churchil *Fights, and* ANNA's *Cauſe,*
And Victory attends the Sword he draws.

As 'twere at his Command ſtrong Cities fall,
The Winds, as tho' Conjur'd, come at his Call.
Why then do you lament, unleſs you wou'd
Be thought a Stranger to the Publick Good?
Be chearful NOW at leaſt, and Grief diſdain,
Grief may be proper in another Reign.

Concern'd, at firſt, ſhe look'd, at what I ſaid,
But raiſing up, at laſt, her Troubled Head,
(Queen,
Theſe Words ſhe ſpoke: '*What? Tho' Great* ANNA's
'*And bears the Scepter on a Changed Scene.*
'*While She exerts her Pow'r I need not fear*
'*The Malice all th' Infernal Fiends we bear.*
'*While She Defends, I can't well want ſupport,*
'*But Great Men walk ſo Retrograde at Court,*
'*That if ſome Means are not apply'd e're long,*
'*Twill not be in Her Power to make my Pillars ſtrong.*

' England's *ſo full of Underminers grown,*

'That I have ſcarce one Prop which I can call mine own.

'Some Curſed Fiend 'mong Us ſuch Change hath ſent,

'And Novelty to ſpoil our Government.

'Such is my Fate, my Sons I cannot Truſt,

'They will not to my Juſt Commands be Juſt.

'If Trouble ſeems i' approach, the very Beſt,

'Like Mercʼry, *flee; They cannot ſtand the Teſt.*

'Niſonio, tho' by me rais'd to a Poſt,

'That he my Eldeſt Son himſelf may boaſt,

Is ſo ungrate, that he denies to give

One helping Hand, whereby to make me live;

As tho' he would be glad to ſee me die,

Oppreſs'd by Pow'r of feign'd *Conformity.*

Tho' few exceed in Dignity of Place

This Mighty Man; Yet few are leſs in Grace:

For he is grown ſo Mean that he's Content
To have his Shoes to the Soul-menders ſent:
Tho' he pretends a Soul-mender to be,
Yet none can mend his own Soles leſs than he.
Or elſe he wou'd; for he loves Money ſo,
That for a Doit he'd let his Mother go.
His Half-ſelf too, ſo like him is, I'm told,
That moſt Men think 'em both caſt in one Mold.
For ſhe, good Huſwife like, with Coach will come
To buy one Skein of Silk Three Miles from Home.
But then ſhe does not only Money ſave,
But Silk for nothing of the Silk-man crave,
To mend this Hole in Caſſock, or in Gown
Of Husband, or in Petticoat her own.
Which he, poor Man, to L--y can't deny,
Becauſe related to Divinity.

Tho' ſhe can Beg, ſhe can't endure the Poor,

(DOOR.

Which ſeldom us'd, till Now, come empty from that
Witneſs *Gilberto*'s and *Wilhelmo*'s Fame,
Which e'er will flouriſh 'bove *Niſonio*'s Name.
But they, no Ladies had their Goods to ſhare,
The Church, the Church alone, was all their Care.

Mocnotus, tho' he has ſome little Grace,
And ſparks of Noble Blood ſhine in his Face,
Next place deſerves, but him I now will ſpare,
'Cauſe I know what his Circumſtances are.
That he to Servants has been much too kind,
Or elſe he ne'er had been ſo much behind.

Wemmius I paſs, becauſe he is but weak,
Infirm thro' Age, unable ſcarce to ſpeak,

Elſe

Elſe I could tell, how of his own Accord
He laid the Caſſock down, and took the Sword,
Truth to defend, and Royal *Jemmy*'s Cauſe,
'Gainſt a Rebellious Nephew's Breach of Laws.
When *Monmouth* rais'd a *Poſſe* in the Weſt,
And had himſelf of many Hearts Poſſeſt.
But when another Storm threaten'd from thence,
He 'ſtead of Caſſock laid aſide his Senſe.

Next ſtands enrol'd that Hugeous Babe of Grace,
With *Latitudinarian* in his Face,
TENRUBS the Great, for Butcher more deſign'd,
Than ever he was to L--n Sleeves inclin'd.
A Saint. A Saint, ſaid I? A ſeeming Saint,
Whom the leaſt Glory of the World can taint.
Who will aſſent to be on any ſide,
For Right, ſays he, *by force of Arms is try'd.*

That once obtain'd, who has the longest Sword,
Or the true Church, or No Church, has his Word.
This Knave o'th' Church, when once he did dispair,
T' ascend the Steps to the Cathedral Chair,
Was pleas'd to say, *He near wou'd wear the Sleeves*,
The *Lawn*, he meant, as ev'ry one believes,
Because that since he was a B—p made,
He ever did promote the *Holland* Trade.
But this i'nt all. His Fame exceeds as yet,
Or Common Stews, or Bawdy Play-house Pit.
O *Lauderdale*, I thee to Witness call,
Whether kind *TENRUBS* did not run at All.
Which of thy Maidens did his Hands escape?
Which, if she wou'd, cou'd not have sworn a Rape?
Yet he, good Man, for Reformation Pleads,
When none, than he, more Reformation needs.

I ſcarce could have believ'd this, had not I
Heard his Oration for *Conformity*.
In which he ſhews that Church-men may abuſe
The Church, and Mother for a Punk refuſe.
In Holland, ſays he, *and* Geneva *I*
Bent to Occaſional Conformity:
Therefore may others do't. But have a Care,
When Woolf turns Preacher, little Flocks beware.
The crafty Wolf, i'th' Fable, Shepherd play'd,
Till, by his curſed Voice, he was betray'd.
Thus *TENRUBS* did; for who Now cannot ſee,
Under his Guiſe, Veins of Presbytery?
But he's a *Scot*, therefore for that excus'd;
Presbytery ne'er will by *Scotch-men* be diſus'd.
Who go to Sea in Ships the Climate Change,
But tho' they o're and o're the Ocean Range;

Their Minds can't change. No more did *TEN-*
(RUBS do,
Altho' he ſaw *Geneva*, *Flanders*, *Loo*.
Republican he was before he went,
And *Holland* him Republican back ſent.
Had Cain *been* Scot *God would have chang'd his Doom,*
Not forc'd him Wander, but confin'd him Home.
Had our Great *TENRUBS* but ſuch Uſage found,
He ne'er had been with Sacred M---e Crown'd.
He ne'er had come 'mong Us to take ſuch pains,
To Prove *Proteſtant* Perſecuting Reigns.
All but *N----u*'s. *O!* Naſſau *did ſecure*
The Church, without the Penal Laws in Ure.
Tho' my Queen's Father underwent Abuſe,
Becauſe he did not put the ſtricteſt Laws in Uſe.
Nor has he vilify'd my Kings alone,
But Cenſur'd Me for Perſecution.

If,

If, as he ſays, I Perſecution own,
He never ought to put my Habit on:
But pray for ſuch a Church to be made free,
Have, and enjoy, True Chriſtian Liberty.
Wonder not then, ſince ſuch my Guardians are,
That I, who am Committed to their Care,
Do Fade and Languiſh under deep Deſpair.

Nor are thoſe all. *Trapſelius* claims a Place:
Trapſelius born of, with Wind, Shifting Race.
For he, Good Man, the *Cauſe* to carry on,
Sang *Pæans* to *Old Noll*'s Inauguration.
No ſooner was the King reſtor'd, but he
Loyal, as thoſe who ſuffer'd, ſeem'd to be,
Crowded amongſt the reſt to *Charles*'s Court,
Where all Preferment-hunters did reſort.

Nor did he want his Ends; for there he got
What, All Things Right, had been another's Lot.
After King *Charles* had taken his Cold Tomb,
And for his Royal Brother *James* made room,
He ſwore to him, and to make good his Cauſe,
Subſcrib'd t' aboliſh *Teſt* and *Penal Laws*.
When *James* was gone, and good King *W--m* came,
He, as his Gods, ador'd King *W--m*'s Name.
Scarce was he Cold, who, lo! his Windows ſhown,
Either with borrow'd Candles, or his own.
Whether for Joy at's Death I can't decide,
His Loyalty may by next Change be try'd.
However now he *ANNA*'s Right Proclaims,
And will do ſo until another Reigns.

Oh!

Oh! When I hear the Learned *Cumbrian*'s Name,
I'm quite amaz'd, confounded quite with ſhame:
To think that he, who writ in my Defence
So Learnedly, ſhou'd be ſo void of Senſe,
As to deny thoſe Truths he once profeſt,
When he with a retir'd Life was bleſt.
But Honours, People ſay, make Men the Worſe,
And ſo inſtead of Bleſſings are a Curſe.
If there's no Law of Nature, then we may
Drive Princes, like Tobacco Fumes, away.
But if there is, we cannot ſay to Kings,
Why do ye This, or That? They're Sacred Things,
Nor muſt be touch'd: They're God's Vicegerents here,
And for our good they have the Sword they bear.
This was Good Doctrine in the *Cumbrian*'s Senſe,
And all Mens Loyal, but without Offence,

Int'reſt, *Diana*, has more Men undone,
Than Famine, Peſtilence, or Sword and Gun.
But Son, beware, leſt *Hobbs* againſt Thee riſe,
And prove you hold thoſe Tenents which you did deſpiſe.

Behold, next comes a Prophet Wiſe and Sage,
For Hiſtory the wonder of his Age,
Dollyus, by Age in Conſtitution Cold,
But in Deceits and Stratagems grown Old.
In Plots ſagacious, to ſupplant the Good,
Who ſtrive to ſtop Sedition's diſmal Flood.
But let him go; he's branded by Conſent
Of a True Engliſh Loyal Parliament.

Oremo, *Kirktap*, *Auceps*, I cou'd Name,
But 'tis no matter, they are all the ſame,
They doat ſo much, that they're 'bove Senſe of ſhame.

They

They are mine Enemies within my Breaſt,
They are the Men who moſt do break my Reſt.
Thoſe who do eat my Bread ſhou'd take moſt Care,
How 'gainſt my Dictates they Offenſive are.
But Oh! with deepeſt Grief I it relate,
They bear 'gainſt me an Unrelenting Hate,
Or elſe they would for me ſuch Bulwarks make,
As the Diſſenting-Fry can never ſhake.
They'l pull th' *Occaſional Conformiſt* down,
And with the *Mitre* reinſtate the *Crown.*
What? Tho' the Parliament don't think it fit,
To force *Seditious Meetings* down as yet:
'Tis in their Power to prohibit Schools,
And Accademies for Rebellious Tools.
They can prohibit *Canters* Youth to teach,
Tho' th' Act of Liberty allows to Preach.

Oh! That they wou'd exert that *Power* Now,
And what they ought to do by Action ſhow.
Then ſhou'd I hope to Live, I ſhou'd revive,
And under pious *ANNA*'s Scepter thrive.
I ſhou'd with Joy lift up my drooping Head,
And ſhew my ſelf alive, tho' now I'm Dead.
She ended. When methoughts a Chariot came,
And from my ſight Convey'd the Grieving Dame.

FINIS.